









# THE HEART, THE MIND, THE SOUL.

*"Keep thy Heart with all diligence, for out of it  
are the issues of life."*

*"I stir up your pure Minds by way of remembrance."*

*"Their Soul shall be as a watered garden."*

By F. M. W.

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## The Heart, the Mind, the Soul.

### I.

FAR in this planet's early dawn,  
At Nature's wondrous birth,  
Man was created, and became,  
The habitant of earth :  
In God's own image he was made  
On that eventful day,  
Which bound his bright immortal soul  
In tenement of clay !

And wherefore was this wonder wrought ?

Oh, why were souls compelled

To lead on earth a captive life,

And be fast prisoners held ?

Why so securely shut within

The body's circling bars,

That death alone unlocks the gate

To worlds beyond the stars ?

We know this wonder-work was done

By word of God Most High,

And that this life on earth begun

Continues in the sky !

We know the soul within its shell

Held now in fast embrace,

If faithful, shall hereafter dwell

In boundless realms of space !



Ah, then, how strange that man thus born  
    An heir of heaven by birth,  
And unto whom its peace may dawn  
    E'en while he treads the earth ;  
Should rarely have the faith to gauge  
    His life in worlds on high,  
Or realize the heritage  
    That waits him in the sky !

How passing strange that he should stand  
    On life's receding shore,  
And seek upon its shifting sand  
    His transient wealth to store !  
How passing strange this world's brief day  
    Should bound his hopes and fears,  
While all unheeded, unperceived,  
    Stretch vast, eternal years !

6            *The Heart, the Mind, the Soul.*

O man, created being, born  
    To live, and not to die,  
Endued with immortality  
    And native of the sky !  
Why, with such bright inheritance  
    Cleave fast to things below ?  
And Esau-like, thy birthright sell,  
    Thy purest joys forego ?

It is the folly of our race,  
    Oft worn with care and woe,  
To clothe the unknown future here  
    With Hope's enchanting glow ;  
To store our wealth, to form our plans,  
    For some approaching year  
When calmer, brighter days shall dawn,  
    And mirth dispel the tear !

Could we but lift our wings of Hope  
And give them broader range  
In those remote, celestial realms,  
Beyond the power of change ;  
Could we but store our treasures where  
Nor moth, nor rust destroy,  
How sure our rich inheritance  
Of life, of peace, of joy !

To win this rich inheritance  
My verse would fain impart  
Some luring picture of the way,  
Some truth, some charm, some art,  
By which to draw the multitude  
(Without affliction's rod)  
To seek the straight and upward path  
That leads from earth, to God !

## II.

THIS path we vainly strive to find  
Through efforts of our own,  
Nor can we climb its steep ascent  
Unaided and alone :  
Our Saviour Jesus is the Way,  
No other can be found,  
And His the grace that lifts our feet  
Across the stony ground.

But steadfast as this changeless truth  
That Christ alone can win  
Eternal life for us below  
And wash away our sin :  
Still, man the privileged gardener is  
Of his own human will,  
Himself, the richest garden ground  
That he can plant or till.

Within this heavenly garden held,  
    Within the man enshrined,  
Are glorious powers invisible,  
    The Heart, the Soul, the Mind.  
That these abide in every breast  
    No mortal may withstand,  
For with each one to love his God  
    He hath Divine command.

And graven on the sacred page  
    Of Holy Writ we read,  
That talents must be multiplied,  
    And sown the harvest-seed.  
There's not a day that wings its flight  
    But tends to good or ill,  
For Nature works untiringly,  
    Altho' she seems so still !

It is the story often told  
Of water, and of sand,  
The drops that fill the ocean's depths,  
The grains that form the land.  
So tiny seeds, and passing words  
Are scattered by the air,  
We cannot gather them again  
Or change the fruit they'll bear.

## III.

THE gracious God Who doth to man  
All varied gifts impart,  
Hath only asked in poor return,  
“ My son, give *Me* thine *Heart*,  
And keep it with all diligence,  
With virtue ever rife,  
For out of it the issues are  
Of everlasting life.”

Bestow on it thy watchful care,  
Nor rest, till thou hast won :  
True wisdom is to fear the Lord  
While evil paths we shun.  
And know, that when thine heart becomes  
Pure, loving, true, and wise,  
Then even shall the heart of God  
Rejoice, in yonder skies !

Beside this heart, where good and ill  
Exist, and oft entwine,  
At times, dread hatred's dark abode,  
At times, love's sacred shrine !—  
Beside this changeful, ardent heart,  
A kindred light we find,  
The source of man's bright intellect  
And called by him, the *Mind* !

That wonder-working power, by which  
    He soars afar on high,  
And step by step discerns the plan  
    And systems of the sky !  
By which he penetrates below  
    And reads the storied birth  
Of mammoth ones that long ago  
    Were tenants of the earth !

By which the vast cathedral fane  
    With vaulted aisles so wide,  
That daylight ever seems to wane  
    And twilight to abide,  
Was raised, with stone by stone create,  
    Till now all still and grand,  
It stands on earth, an open gate  
    To God's celestial land.



Oh, mighty is the breadth of mind  
That God to man hath given,  
It spans the world from pole to pole,  
It leaps from earth to heaven !  
A subtle charm upon it rests  
When cultured and refined,  
If reverence, faith, humility,  
Within it are enshrined,

But cultured mind devoid of faith,  
Without the Gospel creed,  
Oh care not for its treasured wealth,  
Its learning do not heed :  
It is not of a perfect type,  
Its stature is not high,  
It is not meet, it is not ripe  
For mansions in the sky !

And now we pass unto the *Soul*.

That germ the most divine  
Among the three unseen, and yet  
So capable to shine  
In radiance of reflected light,  
The light of Christ, the Lord,  
Whose Life in us our glory is,  
Our hope of sure reward.

The Soul that may in stillness wend  
Through space a trackless flight,  
And by an aspiration send  
Its thought to realms of light,  
In silence, on the wings of prayer,  
Escape what it enshrouds,  
Ascend the airy firmament  
And pass beyond the clouds !

IV.

WHEN seek the Heart, the Mind, the Soul,  
    United to attain  
The true and best development  
    That each, and all, may gain ;  
Then shall be seen perfected here  
    The high and lofty plan,  
That dwelt within the mind of God  
    When He created man.

There's nothing great and beautiful  
    Or of a value rare,  
But it hath grown by slow degrees  
    Full oft through toil and care ;  
So these immortal germs of light  
    Must here our labors share,  
If we would find them, as the stars,  
    In radiant glory there !

And nothing in God's Universe  
Is lost, however small,  
From man, unto the faded leaves,  
That in the forest fall !  
Again we find them reproduced,  
Again they bloom and bear,  
And always in the self-same garb  
The parent seed did wear.

“ Be not deceived, God is not mocked ”  
If to the flesh ye sow,  
Ye shall of flesh corruption reap  
Above, and here below :  
But if, in wisdom and in faith,  
Ye, to the Spirit sow,  
Your seed to everlasting life  
Shall live and upward grow.

Then hasten ere the cord be loosed,  
Or marred the golden bowl,  
And hasten while the days and years  
In quick succession roll ;  
Oh haste to plant for Harvest-time  
And planting oft repeat,  
Ye cannot sow the thistle seed  
And reap the golden wheat !

*Death works no great mysterious change  
When break the circling bars,  
The same the spirit sinks to sleep,  
It wakes, beyond the stars !*















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